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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIII. CHICAGO, JUNE 2, 1904. NUMBER 14

"THE BLUE AND THE GRAY."

"The women of Columbus, Mississippi, animated by nobler sentiments than are many of their sisters, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the Federal soldiers."—*Telegraph Dispatches, May,* 1867.

By the flow of the inland river,
Where the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:—
Under the sod, and the dew:—
Waiting the Judgment day:—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These, in the robings of glory,
Those, in the gloom of defeat,
All, with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of Eternity meet:—
Under the sod, and the dew;
Waiting the Judgment day:—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend, and the foe:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day:—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:—
Under the sod, and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day:—
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:—
Under the sod, and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day:—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storms of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won:—
Under the sod, and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day:—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red:—
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!—
Under the sod, and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day:—
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

Atlantic Monthly, September, 1867. —*F. M. Finch.*

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1904. NUMBER 14

GOD-SEEKING.

God-seeking thou hast journeyed far and nigh.
On dawn-lit mountain-tops thy soul did yearn
To hear His trailing garments wander by;
And where 'mid thunderous glooms great sunsets burn,
Vainly thou sought'st His shadow on sea and sky;
Or gazing up, at noontide, couldst discern
Only a neutral heaven's indifferent eye
And countenance austerely taciturn.

Yet whom thou soughtest I have found at last;
Neither where tempest dims the world below
Nor where the western daylight reels aghast
In conflagrations of red overthrow:
But where this virgin brooklet silvers past,
And yellowing either bank the king-cups blow.

—*William Watson.*

The *Lyceumite,* an irrepressible organ of the Platform and Platform Speakers, in its issue for May, has an article on "The late comer nuisance," in which the writer makes this recommendation as regards performances under the auspices of lecture committees. How about churches?

Suppose you announce, through the press and at your opening number, that no one will be admitted after the attraction is introduced. Or, if not willing to shut out late comers, insist that those coming in after the opening shall take seats in the rear of the audience. If this is understood at the opening of your course your patrons will be better satisfied, for the reason that your attractions will be enabled to do more satisfactorily their work. Will platform talent express itself regarding this growing abuse?

A loyal subscriber from the southland accompanies his subscription with a shower of blessings, pledging support to UNITY until "the times are ripe for an advancement to the realms where UNITY and its message shall have a large increase of loving friends.". We are on the road now and always. The Kingdom of Good Will is ever becoming. Every day is a good day to begin the good life. Every kind word and kind dollar helps it along. UNITY is published not for dollars but for readers, and the new subscribers are coming. Let others be directed this way. There is room for more.

Mason City, Ia., has a Band of Mercy fifteen hundred strong, the members of which recite at their meetings, many of them from memory, John Ruskin's beautiful pledge of the Guild of St. George. It is worthy a place in the ritual of Sunday-school, church and club. When fittingly printed it would be a suitable ornament for the walls for public schools and homes. There is special fitness in these days of killing, hunting, and political trading for these two mentral paragraphs:

We will not kill or hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing; but will strive to save and to comfort all gentle life, to guard and perfect all natural beauty upon the earth.

We will obey all the laws of our country faithfully, so far as they are consistent with what we believe to be the Law of God; and when they are not so, or seem in any wise to need change, we will oppose them, not with violence, but deliberately and loyally.

Richard Yates, the present Governor of Illinois, is not without parts; he has proved his astuteness as a politician, if not as a statesman, by the invention of his "gun-license law," which requires every boy and man who carries a gun to pay a tax on the same. This license fund amounts to over one hundred thousand or more dollars a year. This sum goes to the maintenance of the game wardens, whose nominal duty is to protect the quails, rabbits and wild ducks of the State of Illinois, but whose real business is to hustle for the chief. There is a game warden for every county, or one hundred and two for the state, who are out earning their money by working for the Governor. Surely, this is a magnificent "slush fund," and Governor Yates deserves the credit of creating it and displays great skill in the investment thereof.

Rev. S. J. Stewart, of the Independent Congregational Church of Battle Creek, Mich., recently celebrated the eighth anniversary of his pastorate by preaching on "The Preacher," of whom Amos served as an exalted type for all time. He dwelt on the value of the man with a message to the people, and, after the pattern of his model, "arraigned certain questionable modern business methods." Amos is a poor type for the preacher who thinks that the mission of the pulpit is to soothe, to rest, or to comfort with celestial dreams and spiritual serenity. The first appeal of the preacher should be to the conscience, and a spirituality that asks to be "let alone" and longs for a Sunday release from the exactions of morality, the humiliations of politics, the degradations and dissipations of life and the besetting igorance and indifference of the work-a-day world, had better not clamor for "Bible preaching."

Rockford, Ill., has just been passing through a humiliating and demoralizing experience that lasted several weeks. It has had a visitation from "Billy Sunday," the lurid evangelist. There were found church members and ministers enough to build for this man a special tabernacle to accommodate the thousands of people who wanted to hear this man's vulgar rhetoric, to be amused by his profanity, to be hardened by his irreverent dealing with reverent themes. Special trains brought in the crowds from adjoining cities. We will not soil the pages of Unity by quotation; enough to know that the most flippant slang of the athletic field, aye, the most common profanities of the saloon and the work-shop were thrown about in a most reckless and prodigal manner, day after day and night after night. The fact that he dealt

in a great many truths and struck at very many evils makes the tragedy more profound. Alas for truth and for piety when they are urged by false methods and handled by undevous hands! May other cities be saved this calamity. It is but fair to Rockford to say that four or more of the city pastors held aloof from this profane evangelist.

The Sunday Magazine of the *Chicago Record-Herald* has a most interesting account of the author and the origin of the "most famous Memorial Day poem," "The Blue and the Gray," which we reproduce on our front page. The author, Judge Francis Miles Finch, many years Justice of the Court of Appeals of New York and for many years Dean of the Law College of Cornell University, is now the venerable and venerated Professor of History and Evolution of Law in that school, and, though seventy-seven years of age, drives daily through rain and shine, summer and winter, to his lecture room. Though an intimate with the Muse through all his academic and professional years, this is the only poem for which he has sought publication. It was inspired, a fitting word, by the despatch published in the eurrent press, on the next day after the Decoration Day of 1867; it appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* of September following. The message of this poem is cumulative; its mission is still in its infancy; only the insight of the poet can clearly discriminate between the doer and the deed and discover how brave men, sincere men, good men, can and often do misinterpret the signs of the times, and are misled by the passions of the hour and the logic of the day, which is so easily mistaken for the logic of the ages. In poetry familiarity and reiteration are necessary. "The Blue and the Gray" is a poem that never grows old and cannot be repeated too often.

A librarian of one of the leading public libraries in the West writes us:

"We have calls from readers in this library for your paper. We do not make a practice of subscribing to religious magazines to any great extent, but at the same time we are glad to have them in our reading room. If you ever send complimentary copies to libraries, we will be very glad to receive one."

This is the characteristic attitude of most libraries. We carry perhaps half a hundred such libraries on our free list, believing it pays, inasmuch as UNITY is published for readers and not for dollars. The letter provokes thought. What is the attitude of library boards towards religious magazines? What is the attitude of the readers who ask for these papers and who are content with a casual glance at papers which under the older and simpler regime became a part of the household furnishings, their titles household words around which the children were brought up? How is the religious magazine to thrive when out of its poverty it donates the paper to wealthy cities and libraries generously supported? UNITY will go to this library and the library will never know who pays the bills, but we are not sure that the casual glance at its contents on the part of the few who "call" for it will accomplish the purpose which the publishers and editors have in mind. What is the matter, or is there anything the matter? Is there any special providence that provides for a non-commercial source of higher inspirations of life, or at least for the discussions of the most permanent interests of life? If so, UNITY would like to find it. The half hundred or more copies of UNITY that go to libraries are paid for from private and pinched sources. Is it a case of the wisdom of the children of this world? Have library boards grown smart and learned not to pay for that which they can secure by begging? We submit that here is a debatable question for the next library convention.

Oscar L. Triggs has recently been writing on "The Imagination of Millionaires," in which he deplores the fact that "a brilliant getter of money is generally a stupid spender," an epigram which is illustrated by contrasting the conventional and traditional methods in giving exercised by Andrew Carnegie and his kind with the creative benefactions of John Ruskin. The hero fund of the former is an attempt to pay for heroic deeds, or at least to inspire heroism in hope of reward. The latter seeks to arouse the heroic, to inspire heroism. Mr. Triggs reiterates the dictum of John Ruskin, that "the best work of the world is never paid for in any form of wage." The true nature of heroism is further illustrated by quotations from Browning's poem of "Herve Riel," the Breton sailor who saved in a crisis the fleet of France; the Admiral pressed the pilot to name his reward:

"Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still."

Then Herve Riel with a laugh answered:

"Since 'tis to ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore."

Browning concludes with this comment:

"Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In the Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell:
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris; rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank!
You shall look long enough ere you come to Herve Riel.
So for better and for worse,
Herve Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Herve Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle Aurore!"

Dr. Torrey, of the Moody Biblical Institute of Chicago, has been having a career as an Evangelist in England, where he seems to have the reputation of having met the enemies of sound faith in America in the shape of advocates of the higher criticism, etc., etc., and having routed them on their own ground; but he does not seem to have it all his own way over there. A correspondent sends us a clipping from a Yorkshire (England) paper which shows that at least the Congregational and Episcopalian ministers in those parts cannot allow some of the statements of the American "Doctor" to

go unchallenged. Seven Congregational ministers in the Yorkshire *Daily Observer* set forth their protests as follows:

1. We believe that Dr. Torrey's main teachings are untrue. These are: The verbal infallibility of the Bible; the "eternal torment," without possibility of salvation, of those who do not accept Christ in this life; the similar fate of all those who die without knowing him.

2. We repudiate in the strongest possible manner that those who deny such theories are "infidels," or men who "hate the Bible," or "live in sin." We affirm that many of the best men we know would scorn to believe any of those theories, and we consider Dr. Torrey's constant aspersions upon them to amount to slander which we cannot let go uncondemned. We believe that such a mission tends to put back the best progressive religious work of our time, and causes a large, intelligent and good-living outside public to despise organized Christianity under the supposition that these are the things for which the churches still contend. We refuse to think that in Congregational churches generally these doctrines are not preached.—We are, &c.

And in the same paper an Episcopalian minister of Bradford, England, writes:

Sir—I am glad to find that a protest is being made against the teaching of Dr. Torrey. The Christ he presents to the people is not the Christ of the Bible, but a "false Christ," and it is high time that people were put on their guard against him.

If his reported utterances are true, we are assured that acceptance of Christ involves the acceptance of the whole Pentateuch as literally true, because Christ sets his stamp upon it—i. e., I suppose, we are to believe that the world was made in six days 6,000 years ago; though we all know that there have been human beings on this planet for 50,000 years at least! This dangerous, anti-Christian teaching makes men infidels. It drives thoughtful people away from Christ. The man who teaches these things is unconsciously the worst enemy of the Christian faith.

The Christ preached by Dr. Torrey is not the Christ of the New Testament—the man Christ Jesus—the High Priest "touched with the feeling of our infirmities"—but a kind of non-natural prodigy, who knew all about the authorship of the Pentateuch and anticipated the results of modern criticism. Christ expressly told us of the limitation of his own knowledge; and as he frankly avowed his ignorance of the time of future judgment so we believe he condescended to share the mistaken notions of his time as to the books of the Old Testament.

Such a Christ, sharing our limitations, is the Christ we want. The Christ of Dr. Torrey is no help to sinful and erring men.

The Congress of Religion.

The tenth fiscal year of this organization closes with June 1. The financial exhibit of the year will appear in UNITY of June 16. The exhibit which lies before us reveals the fact that several names which have become habitual on our list are missing, while many new names appear. Whether the omission is owing to a neglect on our part or to forgetfulness on the part of our friends, we cannot say, but venture to suggest that those who meant to be on the list but neglected it will have time to secure such enrollment yet by prompt remittal to the General Secretary, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

We cannot better present the case of the Congress than by making our own the essential part of a personal letter which one interested member of our Board has sent to his own personal friends. A little co-operation of this kind on the part of those who believe in the Congress would enable it to make the record of next year a creditable one, one worthy of the good beginning already made and the high opportunities ever before us. It ill becomes the believer in progress and the representatives of the advance to plead the argument of unsuccess; to urge failure or to point to small results. Prophetic vision never fails so signally as when the advocates of the better way justify hesitancy and postponement on the score that fruition is a long way ahead, and consequently the expedient must be pursued and the unsatisfactory present must be perpetuated or at least indulged. For this reason we hasten to ask our reader to give attention to our colleague's words:

My Dear Mr. ———

I want to lay before you in a word a project which interests me deeply, and which, I think, may interest you. If it does not, pay no attention to this letter.

It seems to me that one of the supremely important works on behalf of religion in this country, at the present moment, is the task of pushing forward the evolution of religion, both mentally and spiritually, towards some practicable unity. The differences of Christianity in this country are appallingly many and serious. Every work of religion is handicapped by these alienations. Churches are duplicated needlessly. Money is sunk wastefully in carrying on separate establishments. Churches are inadequately equipped for their work. Many men are doing the work which a few men could do better. Minor differences are emphasized unduly. The things which separate us loom vastly larger than the things which unite us.

The ethical forces which should turn in upon the moral problems of the country are dissipated in the enthusiasm of denominationalism. Before us in this country are the most tremendous problems—problems which concern humanity. The future of civilization lies largely in the proper development of democracy. Democracy, genuine and true, is possible only under spiritual influences—idealism, aspiration, the enthusiasm of humanity, a living faith in the Divine Fatherhood which, as Mazzini pointed out, alone makes a reality of the talk about Human Brotherhood. If we can moralize and spiritualize our American Democracy, it will lead the world to higher heights than it has ever reached. If we fail here western civilization will fail, and the progress of humanity receive a fatal back-set. And the omens of possible failure are neither few nor trifling. He who best knows the moral conditions of our country—alike in the family, the realm of business and the state—trembles most seriously.

For this vitalization of our social life it is imperative that religious faith shall renew itself, by the evolution of religious thought, into the larger, freer conceptions which are struggling to the birth everywhere. Thought that shackles the mind stifles the soul. Ethical energy cannot be freed in a religion which suspects itself. Faith must be re-born that Love may once more master men. The deepest curse of the sect spirit is that it stands in the way of this natural evolution of religion. Sects are only possible by an undue emphasis on minor matters of faith—something concerning the dogmas, the polity or the worship of a church which is never the heart of that church. The sect does not draw its sustenance from the tap-root of religion, and so cannot grow into the new blossoming and fruiting of religion. The sects of the past must melt away into the Church of the Future.

For the sake of religion, religions must come together.

The approach to this unity lies doubtless along many lines. One line has commended itself to my mind particularly of late. Feeling seems to me to lie back even of thinking in the realm of religion. Men are separated more by their emotions than by their conceptions. The very doctrines which separate them are themselves largely the products of spiritual emotion. Men can be brought together religiously more through their feelings than through their thinkings. To meet together as though there were underlying common realities of faith and love; to stand together on the same platform considering their common interests, their common problems; to work together to better life in our common country—in such ways men can unconsciously be led to enter into a realization of "our common Christianity"—nay, of the common religion of mankind.

We have seen the experiment tried in the Congress of Religion, an outgrowth of the Parliament of Religions at the Chicago World's Fair. Last year its representa-

tivs made a tour of the Pacific Coast, under the auspices of the Congress, with most remarkable results. They were received in almost every place with suspicion, distrust, open hostility, bitter denunciation. They left behind them a clear atmosphere, a new sense of fellowship, an enlarged outlook, mentally, and a deeper current of life spiritually. Experience has satisfied us that if we could organize the work of the Congress of Religion, great good in this life could be done.

It is in the minds of the men behind this Congress to plan for four campaigns of the Congress of Religion annually, one in the East, one in the West, one in the South, one in the Northwest. A number of men such as Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago, the Rev. Hiram W. Thomas, of Chicago, Rabbi Hirsch, of Chicago, the writer of this letter, and others, stand ready for the work. They will give their time and services freely. What is needed is to put an active agent in the field to plan and organize these conferences; to go ahead of our meetings and get in touch with the ministers in the localities to be visited, prepare the way for the Congress, etc. Such a man can be found, one who has already had his training for it and proved his fitness. All that we need is to secure enough to cover his living and expenses for three years—say $3,000—and give the work a thorough trial in addition to our great reward.

How easy a task this ought to be. Two thousand dollars a year for three years would make it possible to do some high experimentation, and, as we believe, to offer some suggestive demonstration. Two hundred annual memberships of $5 each, twenty life memberships of $25 each, and five subscribers of $100 each, making an aggregate of 230 people, or perhaps it might be an easier way to touch fewer hearts that are allied to purses with a sense of the next thing to do in a missionary way for the advancement of religion. Are there no men and women among the prospered, representatives of wealth, who believe the missionary potency of dollars, as there are many such among the conservative rich? Again we ask; again we wait, and continuously we work.

China in a New Light.

The loss of not knowing is large. Not knowing how to use the forces of nature, the slow ages toiled along in weakness. Trusted forth to live by reason and conscience and not knowing the laws of the moral order, the different races and nations looked upon each other as enemies to be killed or captured and made slaves. Even the great religions have failed to find a common ground of sympathy and have been mutually exclusive.

In explanation of such ignorance and wrong, it should be said that the conditions of knowing were not favorable. The means of communication were few, travel was difficult and there was no public press. But with steam and electricity and international commerce the peoples far apart have been brought together; and the results have been in many respects encouraging. The very recent study of comparative religions has revealed the essential value in each, the old prejudices are giving way, and there is a far-off vision of a possible closer union. Politically and economically there is larger recognition of the rights of man, of social justice and a growing reciprocity; and with these, a vision of the waste and honor of war and a longing for universal peace.

It should not be thought strange that in this process of better becoming, wrongs have been committed against weaker and less aggressive peoples; nor strange, in the clearer light and larger interpretations of the principles of justice and the great law of life, of love and brotherhood, that these wrongs should appeal to the higher court of the universal conscience for a rehearing.

The latest and most striking of such appeals is from the civilization of the East to that of the West; from China, the oldest nation, to England; from a Pagan to a Christian people. The appeal is not to international law nor to any tribunal for adjudication. Not this; but a plain statement of facts concerning this ancient people; a nation, a government that was old before Cæsar crossed the channel and invaded the island of Britain; a civilization that easily counts the years of its life by long centuries before the Christ was born. It tells of their government, their religion, their industries, their historic love of peace and the great virutes, and how they have been misunderstood or misrepresented; and without bitterness or feelings of revenge, tells how they have been wronged and abused by a younger and warring Christian nation.

This unique little book is in the form of "Letters From a Chinese Official," addressed to the English people. It is an Eastern view of Western civilization, and it is now, with a special introduction, offered to the American people by McClure, Phillips & Co., and is for sale by McClurg & Co., of Chicago. It is one of the most instructive, suggestive and helpful books of the new century.

It will be good reading for our young, boastful, aggressive Western civilization to see itself as viewed by a civilization that was old when the inhabitants of Britain were wild and savage; old twenty centuries before America was discovered. There must be some elements of value in a race or a nation that has lived on through the fall of empires and has now a population of 400,000,000. Through all these long years they have had their sacred literature, morals, government and industries, their reverence for the past, for ancestors, home and country.

This Chinese official tells us that his people have accentuated the value of life, have made man greater than things. They have held that each nation should produce for its own needs; that products are for use, not for profits; that all should have the opportunity of industrial conditions; and that in this way their country has secured a more even distribution of the comforts of life; that naturally such a civilization has tended to be exclusive in its intercourse with other nations. Without boastfulness or effusive disparagement, this Chinese official contrasts the quiet, steady life of his people with the restless striving and the extremes of luxury and misery and the aggressive, warring spirit of the Western nations. Nor does he stop with the

scenes of want and vice in London; he tells England of the great wrongs she has inflicted upon China, forcing upon a non-offending people the opium traffic, and with other Western nations, breaking in upon and seizing the ports and territory of their ancient empire. He does not claim perfection for his own people or exonerate them from violence in resisting invasion; but he finds a measure of palliation in the fact of their great love and reverence for their own institutions and the rudeness of the shock when these were assailed. The government of China, he says, is a kind of paternal democracy in which officialism has very little part; the people very largely govern themselves; and long established customs and a public sentiment founded upon a profound reverence for social justice and a sacred morality are so far self-effective that the public authorities have little to do. And this explains the fact that the government has not been able to fully control the people when this powerful public opinion has been outraged by foreign invasions.

This little book should be widely read and should lead the Western world to pause and think; to study with larger vision and less prejudice the venerable life of the East. Henceforth our great age will have to deal with world problems that can find the wisest solution only in the light and life of the universal justice, morality and religion. This official warns us that if Western aggressions compel the Chinese to adopt Western methods the cost to Europe may be great in the not distant future.

H. W. THOMAS.

John Ruskin's Characteristics.

Ruskin's kindness had its roots in the essential sweetness of his nature. Everything in life had conspired to spoil him. He was often willful and wayward and extravagant, but the better elements of his being prevailed over those which, to his harm, were to gain power when he was released from the controlling influence of his father's good sense and his mother's authority. The extraordinary keenness of his perceptions of extenal things, the vivacity of his intelligence, the ardor of his temperament, the immense variety of his interests and occupations, and the restless energy and industry with which he pursued them, made him one of the most interesting of men. And combined as they were with deep poetic and deeper moral sentiment, as well as with a born desire to give pleasure, they gave to intercourse with him a charm which increased as acquaintance grew into affectionate friendship. His mind was, indeed, at this time in a state of ferment. He was still mainly busy with those topics of art and nature to which his writings had hitherto been devoted. But his work in that field had led him into other fields of inquiry, which stretched wide and dark before him, through which no clear paths were visible, and into which he was entering not without hope of opening a way. Henceforth his chief mission was that, not of the guide in matters of art, but of the social reformer.

—Charles Eliot Norton, in the May Atlantic.

Reconciliation.

Word over all, beautiful as the sky,
Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time be utterly lost,
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly softly wash again, and ever again, this soil'd world;
For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself is dead,
I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin—I draw near,
Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face in the coffin.

—Walt Whitman.

Adieu to a Soldier.

Adieu O soldier,
You of the rude campaigning, (which we shared,)
The rapid march, the life of the camp,
The hot contention of opposing fronts, the long manoeuvre,
Red battles with their slaughter, the stimulus, the strong terrific game,
Spell of all brave and manly hearts, the trains of time through you and like of you all fill'd,
With war's expression.

Adieu dear comrade,
Your mission is fulfill'd—but I, more warlike,
Myself and this contentious soul of mine,
Still on our own campaigning bound,
Through untried roads with ambushes opponents lined,
Through many a sharp defeat and many a crisis, often baffled,
Here marching, ever marching on, a war fight out—aye here,
To fiercer, weightier battles give expression.

—Walt Whitman.

On the March.

Close up! for the ranks are thinning, a man drops now and then
Out of the ranks and into the grave as a stone from a sling is hurled,
For the battles of peace are raging, and women as well as men
Are fighting a common enemy all over the waiting world.

The circle is narrowing slowly; the struggle will come at last,
For the hunt goes on, and the quest is sharp, by either night or day,
And never a beast by God create has equalled or surpassed
The Nero-like ferocity of a nation brought to bay.

Close up! did a comrade falter, and fall with a fatal wound?
Another shall step and take his place as the waves press on at sea,
And better be dead, and the spoil of the worms, slow rotting underground,
Than flaunt in a slavish servitude the banner of the free.

The cloud of the future thickens, the shades of the past arise,
And a lurid light, like a far-flung torch, carves light in the darkened space,
And the towering tops of a thousand spires dash down before mine eyes
Where starving hosts of the people meet with Mammon face to face.

Close up! and with song and laughter; for the oil and corn and wine
Shall be ours in after days, and faces fair to see;
By the strength of many, and the might of right, as precedents divine,
Will we gather the harvest and shear the flocks in seasons yet to be.

And forever our banner is Justice, and Justice our Avatar;
And never a man so humble born but our brother he is known,
And red on the scroll of ages hence will he scrawl the sign of War,
Where the cycles reap in armed men the discord they have sown.

Close up for the final conflict, bare arm and swing the sword;
For the glint of steel, like a lightning-flash, shall cleanse the poisonous air,
With the right of a man to live as a man once more to us restored
The meed of the earth and the fruits thereof for those who do and dare.

—Ernest McGaffey.

The Spirit of Democracy.

Real progress in the development of moral and social ideas and the establishment of a government based upon the unchanging principles of justice, truth, and right is not made with sure and steady step, but is akin to a monster wave, which rises and falls incessantly, changing little except in the location of its crest. Like a giant pendulum it sways to and fro during the centuries, impeded or accelerated by the apathy or just indignation of humanity. After passing through stages of an aroused sense of wrong, passionate enthusiasm and quiescent satisfaction, nations have repeatedly found themselves but slightly removed from the starting point.

Such has been the experience of mankind. The world is vain in its laudation of recent marvelous scientific discoveries and their mechanical application; of the equalization of opportunities, and of the splendid work being done by altruistic men and women. But it is well to remember that other ages also had reason to boast of what they had accomplished.

The religious meditations and beliefs of the ancient Hebrews are the foundations of Christendom. Archælogical discoveries in decaying ruins and the existing pyramids testify to the attainments of the country of the Nile during the dawn of history. The speculations and counsel of attic philosophers in the realms of both the macrocosm and microcosm have not been greatly improved upon. Roman jurisprudence and valor placed the Eternal City high in the estimation of itself and enemies. The rearing of an almost impregnable religious and political structure in the Dark Ages, wherein the ablest should rule, and the subsequent proclamation that no one should assume the authority to control the faith or endeavors of another, appeared to be irretraceable strides toward permanent peace and unity.

While the imperfections and superficiality of these examples are readily seen and admitted, there is a tendency to overlook debilitating influences of modern growth. The present is afflicted with the same cankerous diseases that proved so disastrous in the past—pride, envy, malice, hatred, superstition, and self-seeking. The continual bulldozing and attempts at assimilation of weak nations by the strong, lynchings in the United States, the Kishineff outrage in Russia and countless lesser shameful deeds, proclaim loudly that men can still be cruel and inconsiderate of their brothers. The menace of political bossism and its consequent debasement of the ballot, the widening chasm between capital and labor, and numerous other sources of discontent, show how far we have failed of attaining perfection.

But in spite of these facts, the impression prevails that there has been some gain; that, balancing the good with the evil, the world is growing better. Democracy, popular rule, as now exemplified, is superior to what it was at any former period, though torn and disfigured by ceaseless struggle. As a form of government, as a means for the maintenance of peace, for the execution of justice, and for the promotion of the general welfare in society, it has always existed, potentially at least, ready to sprout and grow under favorable conditions.

The people have often indeed failed in this self-assertion, partly through weakness and ignorance, partly through artifice and arrogance in the rulers. But success has not been wanting. In ancient times it is seen in Greece and Rome. Today, in addition to a number of smaller lands, it is seen in Switzerland, France, South America, and the United States.

To fairly study Democracy, observe its workings in a society where it is fully and intelligently believed in by the mass of the people. For a century and a quarter the American government has been as strong and beneficent as reasonable beings could expect. With it have been decided the three great questions of independence, federation, and the maintenance of federation. It furnishes no verification for the aristocratic assertion that the people cannot be trusted, that government is a work for experts.

According to President Eliot of Harvard, America has made "five contributions to civilization—peacekeeping, religious toleration, the development of manhood suffrage, the welcoming of newcomers, and the diffusion of well-being." This, with the extension of education and philanthropy, the broadening of religious ideas, and great material progress, stands as a monument to the wisdom of the Revolutionary patriots.

To many, a defense of Democracy may seem strange and unnecessary, so self-evident do its truths appear. But so acute an observer as Carlyle said that America's success is due to friendly, natural and social circumstances instead of her form of government, while grave doubts concerning the perpetuity of our institutions are entertained by no small number of citizens, who fear that we are gradually drifting away from the moorings which assured the safety of the nation in its youth.

Democracy is relative, not absolute. Under existing conditions it is impracticable in many places. Its form depends upon the place of operation. It is definite only in aim. This is the necessary adjustment of the individual to the social order. Complete freedom means barbarism or anarchy. Entire surrender means Asiatic tyranny. The solution seems to be the making of order to rest upon the desire and will of the individual, who thus recognizes his selfdom in that order. This means liberty, self-government, the diffusion of political power. From these facts Democracy assumes, according to Dr. Lyman Abbott, that it is safer to let men and classes of men govern themselves than to put them under the government of other men or classes, and that there is such capacity in men to learn by their own blunders that they will acquire such wisdom and self-restraint through the very perils of self-government as they would never acquire elsewise.

This is justified by history, which shows that a people cannot appreciate what is freely given them. They can only rightly value what they have earned and understand. Such at least was true in Mediaeval days, when the rude barbarians from the North attempted to take up Roman civilization. Stable government must come from the people themselves and be adapted to their peculiar stage of civilization. It must result from experience, development, and evolution.

The foundations of Democracy are sound and sure. From the past we can say with Markham:

"To this event the ages ran.
Make way for brotherhood, make way for man.

At present we see it spreading everywhere in state and church alike, though the heavens are filled with threatening clouds of wealth and rank. For the future we can only hope that its destiny will be the complete dominancy of the world; that its spirit will ever live and keep alive the preamble to our Declaration of Independence and the idea of a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people" with the goal of universal suffrage.

Thus we may "Behold a republic in which civil

and religious liberty stimulate all to earnest endeavor—a republic in which every citizen is a sovereign, but in which no one cares to wear a crown," and "See a world where thrones have crumbled and where the kings are dust—a world without the beggar's outstretched palm, the miser's heartless stony stare, the piteous wail of want, the livid lips of lies, the cruel eyes of scorn—a world at peace, adorned with every form of art, with music's myriad voice thrilled while lips are rich with words of love and truth; a world on which the gibbet's shadow does not fall; a world where labor reaps its full reward."

L. D. EMMERT.

Pittsburg, Pa.

Everything In Its Place.

It certainly was careless of the gardener to do such a thing. Why, there was a thistle near the rose bush, and the rose bush such a pretty one and all full of flowers, for it was June, and there was the thistle as saucy as could be, right in its very face and eyes, so to speak.

The rose had watched it come along, with its kindly disposition, and now that it was in bloom, was very gracious, and spoke to it in its perfumed speech at the dawn of a day, and to it the thistle made courteous reply.

"Welcome," said the rose; "welcome, wild flower of old Scotland, the brave land of lakes and hills and glens; welcome you are because of your bonnie bloom."

"It is very kind of you to notice me," said the thistle; "such fine bodies as you do not generally think of their poor neighbors, they are too busy with thoughts of their own importance and position to give the least attention to what they are pleased to call their inferiors. I am glad to see that you are true blue in your nature and no petty upstart."

"Why, that is nothing," said the rose. "What else could I do but be kind? I was created in loveliness, and I have to be conscious that I have beauty and fragrance. It is no praise to me, personally; it belongs to the Love Power calling me here, and who brought millions of roses into being before I came. He put me here to tell of all the roses that have been, and that may yet be in better brightness, and I must speak a love word to all his children.

"I should not be living up to my privilege unless I did so. I should not be following the memories and instincts of my flower nature unless this were my line of conduct. I should be doing violence to my best self, and this would bring me degradation and shame. I have no patience with those who are full of good by birth, and yet who choose to be led away by some poor passion which brings only sorrow. But I am preaching, and I only meant to be polite."

"Oh, you are all right, say what you will," replied the thistle. "It is just lovely to hear you talk, and I enjoy it immensely. You can't help being gracious. All we weeds and wild flowers recognize that, and don't have any ill feelings against you, not one of us. We admire you more perhaps than men do, for we are of your sort, and can tell what a wonderful thing it is to be as lovely as you are. You deserve all the honor you get, and men do well to give you the best place in their gardens. But as for me, they want me away every time they see me. They are afraid of me, as I grow like bad habits, and I am rather surprised to find myself here, and I suppose I will have to get out of this pretty quick."

"I should not wonder if you had," said the rose, "the gardener is old, and he is not doing his duty, but his son comes in today to fix the garden, and then you will have to go, for you do not fit with the other flowers.

"But you have your place in the great world where it is useful and beautiful for you to be, and when conditions change, why things becoming to the new must be there as part of them and as making them new."

"Yes," said the thistle, "I suppose I must go, but I have had a good time for once, and I am glad to have been near a rose for a little while, and when I get in the fields again I'll tell them of you, and how much you deserve your place. Now I don't fret to go, for I like the wayside and the wildness of the fields, for I am happier there than here."

"Yes, yes," said the rose; "artificial manners for the artificial, but the free glad ways of nature for those with the love of the wind and the free spaces of the earth in its heart. It is well we are not all alike, and it is well that we each have a place in the growth and goodness of the world. Our wisdom is in being true to our place and its duties—the thistle in the field, the rose in the garden."

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

THE PULPIT.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home.

OR, THE SOLDIER'S DUTY "WHEN THE CRUEL WAR IS OVER."

A Memorial Day Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, delivered in All Souls Church, Chicago, May 29, 1904.

Again we come to the most unique of festivals. Decoration Day is the most modern of holidays. Flowers are the purest, the tenderest and most spiritual of material symbols, and the recital of heroic deeds, the honoring of the memory of the brave, the emphasizing of great historical landmarks, all this becomes a great republic and is a promise of a greater future.

Last Friday the children of the public schools waved their flags, sang the songs of patriotism, and listened to the old soldier who

"Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won."

And tomorrow grizzly lines of veterans will march in and out among graves and lay their floral tributes above the ashes of their comrades. Each year this grizzled line grows shorter; there is a more perceptible halt in the step and a more marked stoop to the shoulders. Well nigh thirty-nine years have elapsed since "Johnny came marching home." He was then bronzed by southern heat, scarred with wounds received on southern fields and furrowed with disease contracted in southern camps. But his step was proud and the welcome was royal. There were speeches and flowers and tears and kisses. All this was over things accomplished. There was an assumption that, for the soldier, life's great task was accomplished; that his hard work was done; the nation with waving flags, blowing trumpets, and the most benignant of smiles was pronouncing the "Well done, good and faithful servant! Thou hast been faithful; enter thou into thy reward!"

The hour so often dreamed of in camp, prayed for in hospital, yearned for in the solitary watches of the night as the sentinel paced his lonely and dangerous beat, had arrived. Husband again clasped wife; the father once more lifted his child in his arms, and the lover received the long waited for kiss of approval. O how bright seemed the future! How hopeful were all hearts! How those who went and those who stayed rested in the thought that "the cruel war was over," and, this being over, all other dangers seemed trifling; all

other tasks seemed easy; all other problems seemed already solved. Happy moment! Blessed exaltation! Let no one begrudge the high rejoicings with misgivings or distrust.

But looking back over the thirty-nine years that have elapsed since "Johnny came marching home," it is fitting that that home-coming should be celebrated in the light of subsequent history, and that the triumph be interpreted by the help of subsequent disappointments and defeats, as well as greater triumphs.

As one of the "old boys," who for three years followed the flag as a private in the rear rank, from Corinth to Vicksburg, Vicksburg to Chattanooga, Chattanooga to Atlanta and Atlanta to Nashville, encountering by the way the skirmishes, charges, sieges and battles implied by this itinerary, I venture to count up some of the subsequent triumphs and dangers since the home coming; trials and dangers that brought defeats and triumphs none the less significant because less obvious than the defeats and triumphs encountered on the march when "Johnny" wore the blue. For peace has its tragedies as well as war, and peace has its battlefields upon which glorious triumphs are won and terrible disasters are encountered.

I would not discount the valor of the soldier, I would not blot out or ignore a single letter or comma in that story, but that that story may be placed in proper perspective, let me bear the testimony of an old soldier to the fact that the temper of soul has been tried, the quality of nerve has been tested, the valor of the spirit has undergone more trying ordeals since "Johnny came marching home" than ever by the raidings and campaignings of war. Since the surrender of Appomattox human rights have been jeopardized, the sanctities of the constitution and corporate law have been insulted, the sacredness of the ballot box has been disregarded, the glory of the flag has been threatened. The "old soldier" has found himself still on duty, and the old oath of loyalty and fidelity is still binding, with the three-year limit removed.

In speaking of the duty of the old soldier "when the cruel war is over," I will not dwell upon his personal obligations to live up to his traditions, to deport himself as one baptized by fire and consecrated by the shedding of much blood. Too often the old soldier, yielding to temptations and indulging in immoralities and indecencies which, during the service, would have consigned him to the guardhouse, has proved traitor to his history, dishonored the Grand Army button, and offered an indignity to the flag for the honor of which he risked his life. Neither will I speak at length of the more private duties to home and family. He is not loyal to the state who is disloyal to the home. He cannot be a good citizen who is not a good father and a true husband.

Let me rather emphasize some of the more public qualities of citizenship which a noble army record demands. Magnanimity is the high accompaniment of valor. A good soldier must be gracious and just to a brave foe. The boys of '61-65 met on the dire field of battle foemen worthy of their steel; men who shared with them the traditions of a common country; men who had been reared under the same flag, lured by the same high examples. That they were brave is proved by the hard contests of a thousand battlefields; that they were sincere is testified by the awful witnesses of dismantled homes and broken ranks. The surrender at Appomattox transformed the northern army from armed foemen into cordial hosts; they were no longer enemies but were again brothers in the human family.

The soldier of the northern army has been ever ready to testify to the courage and chivalry of the armies led by such men as Generals Gordon, Stonewall Jackson, and Robert E. Lee. When Robert E. Lee capitulated at Appomattox, he accepted the document in good faith; he meant what he therein subscribed to. When treason was beaten and rebellion was dead, then the veteran of the south and the veteran of the north had one common task again—that of recovering from the wounds of war; concealing and cheerfully bearing, if not forgetting, the scars of battle; of turning their faces forward and shoulder to shoulder seeking to upbuild a common country, thus

> "Out of their stony griefs
> Bethels to raise."

Next it was the old soldier's duty to guard well the trust he fought for; to see to it that what was won for liberty by the bayonet should not be lost by the ballot. For deeper than the obligation to preserve the physical unity of the nation was the duty to vindicate the spiritual foundations of the nation. He poorly apprehends the significance of the war for the Union who would vindicate it by geographical arguments or economic considerations. The United States of America is a spiritual compact before it is a thing of geographical boundaries. Its place in the history of the world is to be determined by the philosopher and not by the surveyor; its place in the past and its power in the future are not things to be determined by its acreage, its bank stocks, its millions of men or billions of dollars, but rather by the principles it embodies and the ideas it champions.

"Johnny came marching home" from the field whereon democracy was tested and republican ideals were, alas! unfortunately driven to the last court of appeal—the grim arbitrament of war.

The logic of democracy is the logic of human brotherhood; freedom halts not until it becomes universal. There is no place in the dictionary of democracy for such words as "slave" and "slavery," "black" and "white," and "rich" and "poor." Monarchies may hold "possessions," "invade territory," "expand" by conquest; aristocracy may justify class, caste and slavery; may assume divine rights by virtue of a self-elected superiority, but democracy in its very nature is called upon to defend the rights of the inferior, to recognize the integral rights of the individual, of all individuals.

The war, whose veterans will be honored on Decoration Day, meant, if it meant anything permanent, a vindication of the dictum of the Declaration of Independence, that all men are created with "certain inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"; it meant a defiance to the man-made lines of sect, caste, and class, it subordinated forever the superficial lines of nature, such as are represented by the measure of brawn and color of skin, or even brain capacity, to the more fundamental foundations of hopes, aspirations, fears, sympathies, power to suffer and power to enjoy, the sense of right and the capacity for culture, which are the distinctive traits of human nature, irrespective of line and color.

It was the duty of the old soldier after the war to stand true to the fundamental contentions of Lincoln and Grant, emphasized by the life-blood of half a million soldiers. The experience of thirty-nine years shows that the work of the bayonet was more easily accomplished, that it required less courage and less brains to achieve, than the fine tasks of the ballot that were to follow. Many a soldier

who won honor on the firing line, who would have died splendidly before he would flinch or run, has been proved inadequate to the moral strain of a political campaign. He has been weighed and found wanting at the polls. He has dickered and schemed, traded and "pulled," brow-beaten and prevaricated, not for the honor of his country or the integrity of principle, but for the triumph of his party and the advancement of his clique.

This suggests the third high duty of the old soldier—to keep himself unspotted from the smirch of political intrigue and partisan chicanery. Alas for the heroes of Vicksburg, Gettysburg and the Wilderness who escaped the death that made forever honorable the names of their comrades only that they might suffer something worse than death—a corruption of their ideals, a degradation of their record, using their badges to exploit partisan ends and to debauch public trusts. Shame on the old soldier who is so enamored of public office or so enslaved to public officials that he is found playing the henchman to the neo-robber-barons of today who use public office to advance their own political interests; who betray public trusts and rob the dependent wards of the public in order to swell the "slush funds," accumulated to keep the "Ins" in and the "Outs" out! Alas for the man who won glory on the field of battle, but who has found ignominy in the arena of the politician! Is it true that only under the dread inspiration of battle human nature is capable of manifesting its highest nobleness? Is it the complacency that comes from a sense of security and prosperity that makes the sons of heroes waste themselves in seeking personal promotion and official advancement for themselves?

I have in my mind's eye a graphic picture of a scene at Milliken's Bend, Miss., in 1863, forty-one years ago this spring. The Army of the Tennessee was packed in solid phalanx to listen to a speech by the great war Governor of Illinois—Richard the Great. He was introduced by another son of Illinois—General Grant. The war Governor had come down at the request of the Department at Washington to ask the Army of the North to give glad place to the colored men in the ranks beside them. Some of the newspapers of the North had talked loudly against the white soldiers resenting such "indignity"; but the white soldier had been in an effective school and was willing to share the drudgery of the camp and the dangers of the rifle-pit with those for whose freedom he was risking his life. The Governor of Illinois at that time was ablaze with inter-state and inter-racial patriotism. He did not plead for himself; he did not beg and weep over his own prospects; he was not diligent through sleepless nights in trying to construct and protect his own political fences; he was not begging of prison wardens or those into whose care were given the blind, the deaf, and the insane, to leave their posts of duty to round up the laggard delegates and to guard the gaps lest some voter might escape. His pleadings were rather such as caused the farmer to leave his plow, the scholar his book, the student his college, the lover his bride, the father his children, the husband his wife, and haste, not to a political caucus or state convention, but to the place where the bullets were flying, where the cannon roared, where the deadly malaria hung like a pall over the heroic but helpless camp.

Compare that picture with another forty years later, where another Richard—Richard the Small—sitting in the chair of his father, has been diverting the energies that ought to be running the mighty machinery of charity and reform into personal support in an office more sought after than seeking.

The State of Illinois boasts of its charitable and penal institutions, which represent a population of about 14,000, maintained at an annual expenditure of approximately $4,000,000 a year. The administration of this sacred trust is not guarded by any civil service law; it represents today the available resources of the politicians; the plunder of office-holders, the plums of office. Year after year since the war the story of Illinois debauchment has gone on increasingly.

On the 24th day of October, 1900, I asked the clerk of the Secretary of the Board of Charities to check off for me the new appointments made by the new Governor, who had been in office but a few months. Thirty-four trustees out of a maximum of forty-five had even then been supplanted; out of eleven large institutions of the state there were only five hold-overs out of thirty-three trustee appointments. That day, alarmed at the simple fact that I held in my vest pocket, this list checked by a state official, the Secretary of the Board of Charities, who had been appointed for his unfitness, that is to say, for being a non-expert in all this vast realm of the humanitarian charities, making him the more available to do the work of a political henchman, came up from Springfield to attend the state convention of charities, and, by the wily methods of the politician, prorogued that body, called off the session, lest publicity might be given to these facts unwittingly divulged.

I soon after sought for more information by addressing directly the secretaries of fifteen institutions of the State of Illinois. This brought forth evasive answers, if any at all. The nature of the answers was explained when a little later a copy of a circular letter fell into my hands signed by the state official just referred to and addressed to the various secretaries. The pith of this letter is contained in the following paragraph:

"I think the information is desired for the purpose of making an attack on the administration and state institutions. Perhaps the best way to treat the letter is either not to reply to it or to say that it has been referred to the State Board of Charities."

Of course these political appointees were, in the vast majority of cases, non-experts, wholly incapacitated to give scientific and up-to-date administration of such high trusts, and on that account they had the more time to serve him through whose favor they were feeding at the public crib. Today we find superintendents of insane asylums, food inspectors, factory inspectors, game wardens, prison directors, park commissioners, aye, judges on the bench, sixty or more in number, working for the re-election of the man towards whom they have a lively sense of gratitude for favors granted, and perhaps a still more lively sense of expectation of further favors to be granted.

Look on this picture and then on that! Realize "how have the mighty fallen"; and when, on Decoration Day, you lay your flowers on the graves of the fallen heroes of '61-5, let their comrades ask with prayerful seriousness, "Have they died in vain, or have we lived in vain? Were it not better for us that we too had closed our eyes in death, facing the front, rather than to be found living, witnessing and perchance abetting this prostitution of public office to private gain?"

I can scarcely be suspected of dealing in personalities. The veniality of public officials and candidates for public office has become so notorious that men smile at a suggestion of any other thing being possible, and practical politics is assumed to

be a game of the selfish for selfish ends. So far has this debauchment spread that gentlemen of culture, church members and Sunday-school superintendents unblushingly engage in this mind-cramping, soul-crippling and conscience-blighting game.

Let the old soldier, who despised the man that in front of the enemy thought of promotion, or would feign a charge for the sake of changing his shoulder straps, do his part to bring back that standard of honor which made the volunteer army of the United States the admiration and wonder of the world. Let the old soldier remember the inspirations of the home welcome, let him rebuke the egotism that seeks an office and at the same time condemns the cowardice which for private reasons would avoid public trust and evade civic responsibilities. Let the old soldier pray for the time when no man will seek and no worthy man will dare refuse the opportunity of serving the public, whether it be as a private at the ballot-box or as commander-in-chief in the Presidential chair. From the humble path-master, whose business it is to keep country roads in order, up to those who wear the senatorial toga in Washington, let the honor of the flag be the honor of every official, and let them keep their fingers unentangled with the petty "ropes" and "strings" and wires that make the political puppets dance.

Alas for the state that finds its highest representatives consorting with those who have debauched public offices, betrayed public trusts and made their names a stench in the nostrils of their fellow citizens and near neighbors.

It is the duty of the old soldier to redeem the politics of the United States; to resist the encroachments of the "boss"; to rebuke this greed of office, the awful menace of commercial combinations, and the unscrupulous use of such combinations of power to corrupt legislatures, befuddle courts, retard public improvements and oppose civic righteousness.

One more and last duty of the old soldier, as I conceive it, I can best state in the language of an unknown comrade who, from a distant city, wrote me the other day as follows:

"May I suggest how appropriate a Peace Sermon would be for Decoration Day? I deplore the many ways by which war heroism is distilled into the minds of our children to the neglect of moral heroism. It is to our discredit that we have no national hymn that breathes the spirit of peace. We glorify the 'Star-Spangled Banner' baptized by the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, and in the Battle Hymn of the Republic we are singing to the glory of a savage God who has 'loosed the fateful lightnings of his terrible swift sword.' We need a new national hymn; we need a more humane literature for our public schools in which the glory of military achievements will not be so much in evidence."

O my comrades of the old line, we know what war is! let us speak of what we know, in season and out of season, until this horrible relic of barbarism dies with the barbarism it represents. Verestchagin, the only artist who ever had eyes to see war as it really is, or seeing it had the courage and the power to portray it in its Satanic enormity —Verestchagin is dead. He went down with the horrible engine of destruction, the work of which he meant to portray, in the deep waters of the Bay of Corea. But you and I, comrades of camp and battle trench, remain; let us be loyal to our heroic chief who spoke the sober words of science, not the rhetoric of poetry, when he said that "War is hell." It is time we were done with this killing business. Everybody now sees that even the war for the Union was deplorable, unnecessary and wicked. It might have been avoided had a few people on both sides shared the far-reaching wisdom of the martyred President who clearly saw and so pathetically pleaded for the better way.

With my correspondent, I rejoice that the Grand Army of the Republic will die with its present membership. And may the remaining days of the Old Guard, the rheumatic remnant, be spent in educating the children to hate the business of war; may they vow themselves to peace and pledge their souls to the benign arts that seek to conserve and not to destroy life. When we can successfully invoke the honor of the battle field in the contests of the ballot, and men are persuaded to vote as heroically as they fought, to be as willing, when need arises, to die for their convictions on election day as they were on the battle lines of Grant, Sherman and Lee, then indeed, and not till then, will the battle flags be furled.

When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

THE STUDY TABLE.

The Southern Problem.*

We have had many books written upon this subject; we are likely to have many more; we have not had, so far, one more important; we are not likely to have one that is so, hereafter, all things considered. Mr. Murphy's book is remarkable as the perfectly calm expression of a Southern point of view. In some respects a sincere apology, in others a stern reprobation. We have had previous acquaintance with the author. His voice was that of one crying in the wilderness when it was proposed in Alabama to disfranchise thousands of intelligent and colored black men, but "no white man except for infamous crime," a scheme which Mr. Murphy denounced as more injurious to the white man than to the black. The "problems of the present South" are not exhausted by the different aspects of the negro question. It has also its problems of child-labor, education, political reconstruction. To all these Mr. Murphy brings remarkable knowledge and sympathy. The two chapters on the relation of child-labor to the industrial South are of very great importance. It is a fearful thing that the industrial revival of the South, so wonderful, so magical, and superficially so encouraging, should have brought this monstrous evil of child-labor in its train. In another chapter, "The Schools of the People," we have a just appreciation of what has been already done and a vision of still larger things. Where we do not feel sure that Mr. Murphy is right in his contention is where he contends for national aid to local education. Certainly the provisions of the Blair bill, looking to this end, did not approve themselves to the better mind of the community, but it may be that a bill can be framed which will avoid the objectionable features of that and not be a premium upon neglected duty North and South. "A Narrative of Coöperation" is a chapter describing the ways and means of the "Conference for Education in the South" in alliance with the Southern Education Board and General Education Board. Mr. Murphy is himself, or has been, secretary of the conference, and consequently speaks with intimate knowledge of a work which cannot be too highly extolled, even if it has sometimes been necessary for the Southern educator to call a halt to the ingratiating toadyism of the glib Northerner's complacency with the defects of Southern polity.

It is, however, Mr. Murphy's sixth chapter, "The

*Problems of the Present South, by Edgar Gardner Murphy. New York, The Macmillan Company.

South and the Negro," and the eighth, which is supplementary to that, "Culture and Democracy," that make the most imperative demand upon our interest. As compared with the habitual violence of the South's apologists and critics, the sobriety of this presentation cannot be too warmly praised. The sixth chapter should be read read *pari passu* with Professor Shaler's chapter on the negro in his thoughtful and persuasive book, "The Neighbor." Both have a genuine sympathy with the negro and a generous appreciation of his character and ability. At no point is Mr. Murphy's presentation more significant than where it touches the negro's "assaults upon women" and the lynching penalty for those assaults. For the lynching he has no word of genial palliation and he demolishes with particular effectiveness the plea that the assaulted woman fares better under the lynching practice than in the courts of law. The strain upon her shrinking modesty is ten times as great where the mob confronts her with every vagabond of the neighborhood as where the judge avails himself of his privilege to isolate her from the gaping crowd.

Mr. Murphy is far less satisfactory in dealing with the South's unconstitutional limitation of the negro vote and with what he calls "race integrity," meaning by this the negation of racial miscegenation and the arbitrary social separation of all white and colored people in the South. "The deeper moral significance of the recent constitutional amendments of the Southern States does not," we are assured, "lie in the exclusion of the negro, but in the emancipation of the white man from established habits of fraud." But confessedly he exchanges one form of fraud for another, and Mr. Murphy may well say, "There are always disadvantages in securing for any adjustment a legal status through illegal means." The disadvantages are immense. In this case they involve contempt for the highest constitutional law. If Mr. Murphy had had the courage of his personal convictions, he would have demanded a law applying equality to black and white. Impossible, he says, because such a law would disfranchise certain surviving confederate soldiers. The various amendments do him a worse indignity than disfranchisement. They brand him as illiterate and as less able than the negro to remedy his obvious defect.

The plea for "race integrity," arbitrary race-separation is that "good fences make good neighbors." By this policy the South "Merely expresses her own faith in a policy of separation" as the best policy for either race. It should be noted that Mr. Murphy graciously permits the Northern citizen to sit at table with the negro whom he recognizes as more highly cultivated than himself. The Southerner has no such privilege. It would seem as if the customary courage of his people would compel him to assert it at whatever cost of social standing. But Mr. Murphy is a Christian minister. To him the negro is a man for whom Christ died. Is it not a startling paradox that he can have no purely social contact with this object of his great Captain's supreme devotion and incalculable love? Can there be any satisfactory *modus vivendi* which falls below the inexorable ideal? J. W. C.

Notes.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons I am in receipt of Addresses and Presidential Messages of Theodore Roosevelt. The introduction to this book, by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, is a sample of his peculiar writing, which amounts to little more than strutting in speech. Mr. Lodge is an unfortunate example of a man who professes to be a historian without the slightest genius for history and an essayist without apprehending the need of keeping his political bias out of everything which he writes. Having a good deal of liking for the President, whom we are familiarly calling "Teddy," I still cannot avoid a serious mental disturbance when I undertake to read one of his Messages or Addresses. Turning to page 362, we find this sort of logic applied to the Philippine question: "Not only does each Filipino enjoy such rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness as he never before knew, but the people enjoy a measure of self-government greater than that enjoyed by any other Orientals, save the Japanese alone. We have not gone too far in granting these rights of liberty and self-government," etc., etc. It will occur to the merest tyro in logic and history that the Japanese are what they are simply because we encouraged them, instead of fighting them. And it will quickly occur to ask whether, if we had acted toward the Filipinos as we did toward the Japanese, would there not have been another nation in the Orient quite as capable of taking care of themselves as the Japanese? In other words, was not our treatment of the Japanese wise and honorable, and our treatment of the Filipino unwise and disgraceful? No sort of verbiage will cover the fact that we made a terrible blunder in our endeavor to turn Orientals into Occidentals. We are just now accomplishing what should have been our aim at the first, that is, the making a progressive race of them by letting them alone. On page 363 I read: "Taking the work of the army and the civil authorities together, it may be questioned whether anywhere else in modern times the world has seen a better example of real constructive statesmanship than our people have given in the Philippine Islands." Mr. Roosevelt has already on the previous page acknowledged that a far better example is found in Japan. However, the book contains considerable off-hand and straightforward, but rather undigested, material; and Mr. Roosevelt makes a pretty fair sort of President. If the Democrats cannot find a better, they had best wheel into ranks and let him hold the office four years longer, by a sort of common consensus of the people.

From James West Co., of Boston, I have a capital little book, entitled "First Lessons in the New Thought, or the Way to the Ideal Life." It is the work of J. W. Winkley, M. D. This little handbook might wisely be slipped into the pocket of every person who takes an outing this summer. It could be read, and reread, and reread again, with advantage. It is not a lot of crude stuff, like much of the Christian Science publications, but every line of it is thought out carefully. It is full of the beautiful and the true. Perhaps the key to the whole of it is that disease is unnatural, unbeautiful and undivine. Man ought to be healthy.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons I have received a volume called "A More Excellent Way," by Rev. William B. Clarke. The subject discussed in this book is communion with God. There is a deal of common sense in Mr. Clarke's way of putting things; but the end of the book is to affirm the special revelation of the Bible, and the necessity of the death of Christ to make God known to us. I doubt if anybody has yet fully grappled with that idea of a God dying for man—that is, so fully grappled with it as to make it harmonious with the noblest human sentiment. A decent man would not be willing to be saved by the blood of his best friend—if he could help it. He certainly would not willingly allow another to die for his wickedness. Our conception of God has also outgrown the idea that a craving for betterment in a human soul will not find a sweet response in the Divine Heart, without a go-between or atonement.

E. P. P.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

THE TRIALS OF A MINISTERIAL CANDIDATE.—"Germany is and will remain the land of free thought." Such is the emphatic declaration of certain Germans, who are quick to repel any suggestions that there are reactionary tendencies or fettering limitations in their own country, while publicly questioning, if not distinctly condemning the prominence of religious influences in the life and thought of America. Such assertions and such criticism alike tend to make one observant of conditions in the two countries in order to test the validity of these estimates. Time was when Germany led the world in fearless assertion of the liberty of conscience. Every student of history knows how soon bounds were set to this liberty. But Germany has advanced much since then; that she has led in the search for scientific truth, in philosophy and in biblical criticism no one will deny. But how far does her liberty of thought extend? Surely before she can justly reproach America with backwardness and religious narrowness, she should be able to show that free thought is the unquestioned right not merely of the shining lights in her great theological faculties, but of the rank and file of her state-supported clergy; that no man has to do violence to his own conscience in order to enter the service of the church, or is debarred from preaching the gospel because he will not subscribe to formulas in which he no longer believes.

What are the facts as to freedom of religious thought in Germany? A little pamphlet recently received from Wiesbaden gives striking evidence on this point. It is entitled: "Wherein am I at fault that I did not become a pastor? A query addressed to the Nassau District Synod with a reply to its answer." The author, Th. Schneider, *oberlehrer* in Wiesbaden, here gives to the public documentary evidence as to his experience as student and candidate for the ministry, and the grounds on which he was shut out and compelled to refund the money that had been advanced him from church funds while pursuing his theological studies. His story in brief is this:

In the spring of 1884 this young man and his father signed a contract by which the former was to receive a regular stipend from the Royal Consistory in Wiesbaden on condition of repayment should he either abandon his theological studies, fail to enter the service of the church after due preparation and examination, or later leave its service.

In the course of his studies young Schneider devoted himself to historic-critical investigation along the lines laid down by his teachers, Kautzsch, Weizsäcker and Harnack, so naturally breaking with inherited views as to inspiration, without, however, any consciousness of antagonizing his mother church, which was considered the freest evangelical state church in all Germany. Quite early he began to have doubts as to some points in the so-called Apostle's creed and the fact that this was in use in the Nassau churches caused him occasional uneasiness. In 1887 some stir was created by a charge of insincerity against certain liberal pastors in this very matter of the Apostle's creed and the conscientious young student felt it more than ever incumbent upon him to be perfectly frank in the statement of his position.

When, therefore, in 1888, he received notice from the Consistory to present himself for examination, with a view to immediate appointment, he resolved, notwithstanding the advice of certain friends, to inform the Consistory of his objections to an acceptance of the Apostle's creed on the following grounds:

1. That by *communio sanctorum* nothing else than the saints of the Catholic church can be understood;

2. That the *una sancta ecclesia catholica* is the visible church of Cyprian and Augustine;

3. That the descent into hell of Christ means an actual transportation of the spirit of Christ to the under world, where he preaches to the spirits, overthrows hell and liberates its inmates.

The first two points being contradictory to the original conception of the gospels and the third lacking not only the confirmation of the Holy writ, but being also contrary to Christian reason. Furthermore that

4. The historical accuracy of the biblical account of the birth of Jesus from the Virgin seems not to be above literary-historical doubt, hence, though he might content himself with a "*non liquet*" on this point, it was not possible for him gladly to accept it. The same was true of

5. A belief in the resurrection of the body.

6. Not merely was the substance of this creed open to serious reservations, but above all it is unacceptable because a perversion of the gospel teaching, inasmuch as the essential point of the same, justification by faith only, is not expressed in it.

The candidate, therefore, begged that subscription to this creed be not made a part of his ordination vows, but that these be administered in accordance with the earlier formula of the church, which, though modified in 1843, had never been legally abrogated.

Of this latter suggestion no notice whatever was taken, but he was informed that if he could not subscribe to the Apostle's creed it was inadvisable for him to present himself for ordination.

From authority to authority he carried his case, pleading his desire to preach the gospel unhampered by a pledge to use a formula which could now only be accepted by a distortion and misinterpretation of its original sense, and finding everywhere an insistence that there must be that acceptance or nothing. At last there remained no other court of appeal than the King of Prussia. That there might be nothing underhanded in the matter, Mr. Schneider sought once more an interview with the general superintendent and informed him of his intention to appeal to the king. The answer was: "You can do that, but so long as I am general superintendent you will not be ordained, and if for ten years all the candidates should come and refuse like you to pledge themselves to the Apostolicum, then for ten years we would ordain no candidates. We are glad that we still have the Apostolicum at least. If it depended on me, there would be still further requirements."

To this the young man replied: "Mr. Superintendent, if you really think yourself obliged for the sake of Christ to take this attitude, I will relinquish all further efforts in the matter," and he did. In the meantime years had passed and, seeing himself cut off from all prospect of pastoral work, Mr. Schneider prepared himself for the work of a teacher of religion in one of the higher schools of Wiesbaden and has long filled such a position. This, however, was not regarded as a fulfillment of his contract to enter the service of the church and in 1895 he was called on to refund the money advanced for his theological training.

This gave him occasion to restate his case to the District Synod and ask once more for a frank consideration of his position and a statement as to how he was to blame for not becoming a pastor. The only answer was, that by a false conception of the bearing of the ordination formula prescribed by the Nassau Agenda he had himself made his entrance into the service of the church impossible.

Mr. Schneider has repaid the church loan; he continues his work as teacher, and it would seem that he does not cease to strive with tongue and pen for such changes in the requirements of his church as shall make its assurance of absolute liberty of conscience something more than an empty phrase.

This is the man who last year lectured in Wiesbaden on Michael Servetus for the benefit of the Geneva expiatory monument fund. One can well imagine that his own experience would lead him to a sympathetic treatment of Servetus' attitude even if he were not in full accord with the Spaniard's views. His Servetus brochure is before us. It goes somewhat more fully into details of the martyr's life and views than do some of the similar addresses called out by the recent anniversary of his tragic death and the erection of a monument to his memory. This address, published in Wiesbaden by Moritz and Münzel, 1904, is for sale, through the regular channels, for the benefit of *Le Chrétien francais*, Mr. Bourrier's organ for French ex-priests. The price is 70 pfennigs.

The personal narrative, of which we have given above but the merest outline, is full of interest to any student of religious conditions in Germany. It was published by the author in 1901. Through the booksellers may also be had a pamphlet on the Deluge, by the same author, for sale for the benefit of the Boers.

M. E. H.

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